



# Yesterday's Ice Cream



7 2 3

## Chapter 1 by Ivan Stone

"Ugh, what a headache!" He said as he carefully dragged himself out of bed and towards the kitchen. "I need water, my mouth is a desert" she said as she peered out of her room and entered the hallway to the kitchen, "what happened to you last night?" He asked.

"Went out drinking with the girls and as usual Jane let things get way too crazy, I'm gonna take this" she remarked as she leaned towards the fresh water he just made, "and head back to bed, thanks" she smiled and with a flash was gone.

He stood in silence for a few moments and realised he was missing his wallet, he ran back to his room and checked his jacket and his bedside, "Crap, nothing" he started to get worried and thought to himself, "I wonder if I can retrace my steps to find out where it went, it all started with yesterday's ice cream."

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



"Fuck this fresh water is good" she said, "How did you make it? What's your recipe?"

But he wasn't listening anymore. The sound of the screen door crashing behind him was the last thing she ever heard of him.

"God I hope that ice cream hasn't melted" he thought to no one in particular, not even to himself. "I'll need to ask the ice cream if he saw my wallet while I was bending over near the fire hydrant. If he doesn't know, I'll ask hydrant."

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